




THE PRE-RAPHAELITES OF ITALY AND OTHER ESSAYS

LUCY ELIZABETH LEE EWING



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Lucy Elizabeth Lee Ewing

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The Pre-Raphaelites of Italy

and

Other Essays



by
Elizabeth
Lucy E. Lee Ewing

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Part I.

The Pre-Raphaelites of Italy.

THERE are so many Pre-Raphaelites in Italy that we will only take up a few that stand as the Great Epoch makers of the Gothic period and the Early Renaissance.

We naturally turn to Grotto as the first, for Cimabue, his teacher, painted according to the Byzantine method while Grotto, who never entirely lost the Archaic influence of his master, was too great a man and artist to be an imitator.

In spite of his crude technique art lovers delight in the work of that great soul whose feeling and tenderness triumph over the stiff and absurd drawing of his figures and landscape, and in this day when method and technique are glorified beyond every other consideration, we are often glad to study the work of these great painters who, lacking the facility that is common today had paved the way with their originality, courage and profound sentiment for all who followed.

It is not to be wondered at that the Pre-Raphaelites in England turned back to them for inspiration.

Grotto was sculptor and architect as well as painter and occasionally wrote poetry.

The poem on "Voluntary Poverty" written while he was painting the frescoes of St. Frances at Assisi has been translated by Dante Gabriel Rossetti, who was the gifted poet and painter of the Pre-Raphaelites in England.

Grotto's greatest achievement in sculpture and architecture is the Campanile in Florence and tourists from all parts can be seen gazing up at the beauty of its slender columns and the exquisite color and arrangement of its marble ornamentation.

The Arena Chapel at Padua is the Mecca for art lovers and also the Spanish Chapel in Florence.

The frescoes depict scenes from the New Testament and episodes from The Life of St. Francis.

ERRATA.

The word "Grotto" used in *The Pre-Raphaelites of Italy* should be Giotto.

He also went to Rome and painted a series of frescoes in the Tribune and Sacristy of St. Peters.

The Pope had sent a Courtier to Florence and other cities in Tuscany to obtain specimens of their work and when Grotto was asked . . . with a masterly turn of his hand he drew a perfect O and said, "Take that to your Master." The Courtier rejected it scornfully, but Grotto insisted that the Pope would understand and he was invited to come to Rome to paint.

This was considered the greatest honor that could be paid to an artist in those days.

Grotto was possessed of great wit. One day when painting for the King of Naples, he said, "Grotto if I were you this hot day I would leave off painting for a while," and Grotto replied, "So I would, certainly, if I were you."

The influence of the Pre-Raphaelites in England was due largely to the praise and glorification by Ruskin for to the English speaking world many of these artists were unknown or forgotten outside of Italy in modern days.

Grotto would have been a great man and a great artist in any period. He came too early for the highest achievement, but his art was the best of its time.

He had genius, feeling, fancy almost everything, but the accurate knowledge of the laws of nature.

Massaccio is the second great epoch maker and with him begins a new era in art.

Sir Joshua Reynolds says, "He was the first to discover the path that leads to every excellence to which the art afterward arrived and may therefore be considered as one of the great fathers of modern art."

Vasari tells us what was executed before his time might be called paintings but his pictures were living realities.

His chief work is in the Brancacci Chapel in the Church of the Carmine at Florence and the fresco of the Tribute Money is considered the greatest. He has painted his own portrait on one side.

This chapel became the School of Italy for a hundred

years and the great masters of the Higher Renaissance went there to study and seek inspiration from its pictured walls.

Massaccio was the first to combine figures with architecture and he had a comprehension of nature, as a mass, that M. Angelo and Raphael did not disdain to follow. When we consider the brevity of his life (he died at 27) we must place him on the lofty level occupied by such men as Grotto on the one hand and Raphael on the other.

Fra Fillippo Lippi, 1406-69, the third great epoch maker displayed an insight into modern methods, which were so gloriously worked out by the great artists of the Higher Renaissance.

Here we begin to see the grace in drapery and flexibility in form.

He did not possess any great religious feeling, but he had imagination and sentiment and there is a charm and sweetness in his women although somewhat material in type. He was a master of color and light and shade for his time, but in composition he was not the equal of Massaccio.

He was the first to take the faces of those about him as models for his sacred characters.

Fillippino Lippi, his son, was still a more graceful painter than his father but not so strong.

Guirlandaio was a strong brushman but rather photographic in his designs.

In the Umbrian School Piero della Francesca and Perugino the master of Raphael were important artists of the Early Renaissance and Mantegna of Padua was making himself famous in Mantua painting for his great patron Isabella d' Este, perhaps the greatest woman patron of Art who ever lived.

While the Bellinis and Carpaccio in Venice were making that city famous for its art, as well as Florence, and paving the way for the genius of Tintoretto, Veronese, Titian and Gorgione.

Mental Power.

IT is almost presumption for one to attempt to say anything acceptable on so vast a subject as Intellect.

It means so many things to different minds and the writer and the readers must need study words and their meanings to come to any sort of understanding of each other.

This exactness in regard to words is advised by our great master of thought and expression, Coleridge, and if he feared misunderstanding from such cause—shall not we?

In the highest class of intellect are the men who are born with this mighty force. They are few in number but immense in power and influence. One of these giants will make himself heard above the multitude like a God sitting on a cloud and sending his voice over all the earth whatever his particular genius is inspired to proclaim—poetry, metaphysics, music or letters—and a world of beings will hang on his message, influenced and in their turn influencing.

Enough has been said and written about the “Geniuses” and they speak for themselves. Who knows of the wonderful internal forces that have been working to produce them. Mayhaps the long line of educated and cultured ancestors who have contributed each his part to form this magnificent whole—perhaps it was in the air they breathed which contains much we know naught of. Sometimes it comes from an obscure impossible source with no apparent back influence to mould and then we can only bow our heads and give God the praise for his direct gift to us.

This great force we call intellect is not an exclusive thing which we have no claim to. We can all seek it and add to our store. If our bodies are suffered to run down through poor food, lack of exercise and pure air and

degenerating causes, they become puny and miserable and finally die. The intellect also needs exercise, not too hard and yet enough to strengthen it. It requires food, the taking in and giving out as it were, and also the environment which is to it as the pure air to the body. We can cultivate this mighty force just as we cultivate the material or body. It may take us many years and we may not seem to grow, but we shall find results in the end if we are faithful.

There is nothing so prevalent as lazy intellects. It requires force to move the body but what Herculean efforts to move the mind and yet it is only the start that is so difficult, like all other machinery it will move almost of itself afterwards, with proper treatment, of course.

This whipping up to the start—"Wake up thou that sleepest"—hard lessons to learn, but afterwards, the sweet rest well earned and doubly appreciated.

The first function of the intellect is the perceptive faculty, the opening wide of the windows of our souls, for the mind must perceive before it can receive or it will be liable to preconception which may not be true, and facts are necessary always for the groundwork, for if we build on false premises our reasoning will be useless.

In everything there is a foundation which if neglected mars the afterwork. Without the perceptive faculty there will always be a defect in our intellectual labour.

It is to place ourselves in the receptive attitude and what is received is rolled away in the memory and then the reflective force begins its work on the material so obtained. How much work we will put upon the material depends upon the strength of our understanding or the cultivation of it, which a steady will may bring to bear upon a naturally meagre supply. Never *despair!* the word *means failure* in its worst phrase. What you lack proceed to cultivate. Always attack your weak points—their being weak is a sign they need extra attention. If we have a bodily infirmity, how careful we are of it, how tenderly we nurse it and seek to bring it up to the

healthy condition of the rest. How necessary also to guard the infirmities of our brains. We may not attain great results, but if we manage to keep them alive and active and healthy, is it not better than decay and death? Intellect means life. A man with a great amount of this force lives more in an hour than other men live in a week. This power is noiseless, its working unseen, but Oh! to have lived. We hear the word life so much it has become almost meaningless to us, but real life and right living are a tremendous power and raise men up to the Divine.

After the perceptive faculty we naturally turn next to the memory. What a world before us. When I see a new face I look into it and ask, What are you man or woman? What have you in your memory? With what have you been storing it these years we have not met? for on this depends greatly in what relation we can stand to each other. Is it full of Truth, Kindliness, interesting facts and knowledge or have you filled it full of false ideas, bitterness, unholy desires and petty details? So much depends on what is in a memory. The face sometimes tells us the story of the life. It seems as if the contents of the memory shed its own quality on all the lines and expressions sweetening or embittering them. The anxious striving after the things of this world gives a hardness to the countenance as the desire for admiration a pleasing agreeable expression, while hope leaves her cheerful impress on all the lines so our faces tell our thoughts more than we imagine.

The highest function of intellect is the reflective faculty, the great and God-like reason and the wonderful and subtle understanding—the first the abstract thought dealing with the unseen—the latter the judgment of the seen adapted to the things of time, and sense the great force that enables us to live in this world and adapt ourselves to people. Reason a working from within. Understanding working from without—the one a very necessary check on the other.

Where the intellect is properly balanced with all its parts developed it makes a magnificent whole and Genius steps forth to conquer—the spirit of man taking its place of honor, for this pure essence holds its own among the forces of nature and triumphs by its irresistible and inimitable power.

A man need not despair because he is not a genius, he can set his aim high and if he will be faithful he will reach it. It is worth trying for even if he fail and that is the worst that can happen to him and the failure will teach him many things. Even then he will stand on a higher plane than he who cultivates his repose and scorns to enter the arena for fear he will not win.

Everyone in this world has a place to fill—unimportant as some may seem. All cannot be great but each one can be a part of a great whole.

We can compare intellect to a circle and each one may hold an arc of this great circle and so stand in relation to the Infinite Almighty Spirit. The main thing is to use what gifts we have to the best of our ability, meantime aiming to strengthen the weak parts to come as near as we can to the perfect whole.

It is not rare to find men and women using their talents faithfully, and that is admirable as far as it goes. But more than this—why should a man stand but for one thing and ignore the rest of his being. We meet a musician, an artist, a writer or an actor and we are overcome with admiration at their work which bears the impress of hard and faithful labour but must we drop them outside of their talents, because there is no congruity in the rest of their lives. If every man aimed to have his character equal to his talents, what society we should have, for every man or woman, who lives right, spreads abroad an incalculable influence, an influence that cannot be measured according to human ideas—the waves of it go on until they are swallowed up in eternity.

Many say how shall we get of this essence, this force called intellect? Who will teach us? All things come to

those who seek. Put yourself in a receptive attitude and you will be fed. The spirit loves to impart. God is eminently beneficent. What we most desire we shall obtain. "Wide awake" is the watchword and perception will be satisfied. God has not stinted anything. Nature is abundant and overflowing. If we lack it is our own fault. We have failed to open our souls and have blinded our eyes and stopped our ears that we should not see and hear.

There is not much use spending time and energy talking of intellect or spirit to one who lives wholly for the senses. One must have of the Spirit to understand it. It is an unknown world this of thought to the sensuous liver. He can believe in nothing he cannot see, he must have something tangible and this is his life, there can be nothing better. It is a hopeless task to convince him of a higher life, his life is full of color, warmth and glamour, but it does not satisfy and death is the end.

The life of reflection and the life of the senses may grow side by side and except to a close observer there is not much apparent difference, but the Father Spirit divines the difference and imparts the principle of life to the one and death to the other, the chaff which shall be burned in the day of reckoning.

Thought rules the world though its working be unseen. It is the power behind the throne and its results are far-reaching and eternal. The world owes even its baubles to it, revels in them and knows not from whence they came. Thought is for dreamers and has nothing to do with our practical world they cry, but thought must not be without the common sense. It is this mingling of the forces that makes up what we call the intellect. Thought must be directed and led into the proper channel and in no way can this be done than through the influence of the common sense or perceptive faculty.

Proportion.

*E*VIL has been so much thought of and talked of, it has become a great shadow in the minds of men and assumed an enormous shape, as of a demon going about seeking whom he may devour. From our earliest infancy we are taught to fear this demon and grow more and more impressed with its reality and hold it almost as a tangible being.

If we dissect this horrible monster and let the clear light of reason rule our thoughts and shine bright and steadfast, we shall discover if this demon, called Evil, really has shape and form, or anything in its composition to dread or fear. No one really fears a shadow, if one knows it to be a shadow, and shadows disappear when light is thrown at the proper angle.

What is the substance of evil and of what qualities is it composed, for if it have no substance or qualities, it is nothing and cannot exist. There is no answer to our inquiry and yet this shadow has a name and exists in the mind; but what does the mind think of in connection with it?

It would be well to seek first for the cause of evil, and then the effect, and if we find it has a cause then evil is not a demon but a cause, and if we can remove the cause we shall find evil has no existence and consequently there will be no effect. Elements exist, and in themselves are good and useful. There must be a cause back of the elements and we can call this: First—Cause, Spirit, God, Father, Principle or whatever name suits us best and whatever our fancy is most attracted to; because the name cannot alter this Being or its attributes.

All the elements come from this cause or are produced by it and we are obliged to admit that all elements are good, which of itself proves the cause to be so. Where then is the evil? Elements unite and form beings and

things and when beings and things manifest bad or inharmonious results, what is the reason or cause? We should say the elements are not in proportion or the things are out of proportion, and if we are conscious of this and desirous of having harmony (and what soul is not), would it not be more reasonable to drop this word evil which shapes itself into a demon in our minds and study right proportions?

First of all we might take up the study of character and we will conceive of a being perfectly proportioned in all the qualities that go to make up character; then we shall have symmetry, beauty and harmony. Every one in sane moments will admit that character is above talent, although the latter has its influence on the character. Genius belongs to character really and we cannot very well separate them.

If character is the most important part of man, the first thing to have or obtain is the proper proportions, and the best way would be to conceive an ideal character in our minds, and naturally the proportions of qualities will suggest themselves, that belong to the ideal man. Practical reason which produces right living, the real conscience; beneficence which gives charity divine love; benevolence which gives sympathy; hope which produces patience and cheerfulness; firmness which gives will power, steadfastness and faithfulness; self respect which works in harmony with conscience, and watchfulness which keeps one on the alert and united with perception gives concentration and attention to all that demands it.

When we have this ideal character firmly fixed in our mind, we shall have commenced the study of proper proportions and as we grow towards it, we shall forget the shadow of evil and not only drive it from our own consciousness, but as we manifest more and more to others the ideal character, they will see, feel and imitate. The ordinary mind more easily grasps the seen and only the extraordinary mind punctures the veil and beholds the unseen or higher ego within.

Character is either guided by conscience which comes from reason or principle, or it follows a law or rule, which may be a well proportioned rule or one out of proportion, which leads to evil results. If character depends on a rule which may be good or bad, well proportioned or out of proportion, then it is depending on an insecure basis, for even a good or well proportioned rule only works well under certain conditions of life and the rule is only good because it suits the conditions. So we observe how necessary it is to be under the guidance of reason or principle which is the true conscience, and inspirational and adapted to all times and conditions.

The light of reason or spirit which everyone may possess, if followed will lead us into the way of truth, and if we follow Truth our character will grow towards perfection.

If we follow a rule it will serve us for a while and character will assert itself for the time, but for new conditions we will require a new rule of conduct, and if we are depending on rules and conventionalities, under changed conditions, we will find ourselves on an open sea, with no rudder or sail. If in this predicament we look up to spirit, conscience or reason, it not being a habitual thing with us, we will find it difficult to concentrate our power that is almost unknown to us. Thought is like any other power, it comes with practice.

Character so gained will be found well proportioned because spirit or the higher ego will preside over mind, and the latter rightly cultivated, guided by this conscience or reason, will direct and control the material and animal soul. Where is the evil gone? It has vanished as a shadow conquered in the strength of right proportions.

If we were to study character intelligently, we should be able to tell just what is lacking and cultivate that which is essential to right proportions.

If we were to receive the confidences of people generally, each one would be apt to have a grievance, a want

of some power which prevented their obtaining what they think necessary to their enjoyment of life, or intercourse with others; it might be a lack of something which prevents their working effectively, or demonstrating what they feel they have power to do and understand intelligently. Each one knows in his inmost thought what it is he lacks, but there is a dread often of unearthing it, for the mind is lazy and does not like to investigate or think, and there is the fear of not being able to cope with this difficulty when found. If someone else will unearth it for us and throw the fact at our feet, we will pick it up and look at it with some boldness, then we find it is not such a giant of difficulty, only a shadow which soon disappears, and we prove the old adage to be true, "Difficulties touched vanish."

Next to character we naturally consider mind or intellect. One affects the other for an ill proportioned mind will have great effect upon the character and the latter out of proportion, will have its effect upon the mind. We often wonder why minds are so unsatisfactory. Sometimes they astonish us by their brilliancy in one direction and their stupidity in another. We cannot affirm that any quality of mind is evil in itself and there comes in the law of proportion. A certain quality of perception is lacking or one is too apprehensive and not comprehensive. One has an abnormal memory for events and yet is totally lacking in the power of attention and concentration. Another is too apt to be satisfied with comparison and never conceives of an original idea or ideal. Insanity is only a mind out of proportion which produces a lack of harmony.

People possessed of wonderful talents are sometimes considered very eccentric. They are so in love with their talent they take no interest in anything else and their nature becomes dwarfed in all directions except in that of their talent. Here we advise a study of right proportions. Of course a great talent must be exercised and made use of, but it is quite possible to be reasonable

in other directions also. We have many notable instances of people of fine harmonious characters who have also been gifted with great genius or talent.

Many imagine because a mind is out of proportion it must always be so, and others think it is quite possible to change, but so difficult that they never have the courage to begin.

For such people we can only say it is difficult, but not as much so as they imagine, and if they will make a start and keep at it they will find instead of a mountain of difficulty to be overcome at once, it will only be necessary to cultivate quality of perseverance which will keep us at it day after day constantly practicing and nothing will be too hard to acquire or conquer.

After while, observing, memorizing, thinking, concentrating and even persevering itself will become habits of the mind, and we will no longer need to cultivate, but use these faculties involuntarily.

There is no force which may not produce good results as well as bad. When we speak of poor music we do not mean that any single note or half note is a bad note but simply that the tones are not proportioned right as regards time or tone, and the results are inharmony and discord.

In studying the architecture of a city, we find the buildings that are pleasing to the eye and mind are those that are well proportioned and so produce grace, harmony, symmetry and therefore beauty. The building that offends our taste is often made of the same materials, but they are put together in different proportions which do not produce the same effect of grace and symmetry. We go so far as to say, that some buildings are put together with poor materials, but if we go back to the composition of the materials we find the right proportions were not followed in the mingling of the materials, for as we go back to the material of the materials we find originally they proceeded from the same elements.

Part II.

Books.

IT is the fashion of the day to discuss books. Almost every literary person has expressed his or her opinion on this subject. I confess it is a very fascinating one and interests me greatly to know what has been the experience of others and how different books have appealed to them and aided them. It is curious to study the analogy between the characters and the books they read. "Show me a man and I will tell the kind of books he likes," someone has said. Gladstone had a penchant for Dante, St. Augustine and Aristotle. Philip Gilbert Hammerton favored Montaigne, Scott, Emerson, Mill and Spenser; Robert Louis Stevenson, Shakespeare, Wordsworth and appreciated Walt Whitman. H. Rider Haggard enjoyed Robinson Crusoe, Poe's poems, the book of Ecclesiastes and Lythton's Coming Race, while Ruskin likes everything at times and his own writings always. Emerson says, "He who reads everything can read anything." Not so with the young, they are so impressionable. I can remember books I read as a child how greatly I was influenced by them. We are all more or less influenced by what we read, but children are more so.

Of all writers Emerson charms me most with his optimistic philosophy which carries sunshine into one's life. His entire forgetfulness of self and the lovely character which we are sure is behind the page yet never obtruded.

Plato, Kant and Coleridge have done much to form my habits of thinking and reasoning out for myself the problems of life. James Freeman Clarke's "Ten Great Religions," was of inestimable value from a theological standpoint as also "The Childhood of Religions."

I do not speak of the Bible because everyone is more or less influenced by it whether they read it or not; its teaching is so ground into the history of the world it would be difficult to measure its influence.

Ben Hur made a great impression on me. I was moved more by his recital of the Crucifixion than by any other and I think it is calculated to do much good by presenting the old theme in such a fresh and startling way that numbers would read it that could not be induced to go through the Gospels.

McCawley put history before me in a new and more interesting light. Before I read him it seemed a mass of details; he renders each character a living bodily presence and the government of nations loses its dry and tiresome aspect under the spell of his wonderful style.

When I was growing up I was devoted to good novels and poetry. Now biography takes the place of novels generally and poetry has given way before the real questions and problems of life, yet a good novel and fine poetry still have their own peculiar fascination. Philosophy is always relished as a solution to many of the trials of life, but my greatest recreation is Thackery. Henry Esmond is a rare combination of history and fiction told in exquisite style. Vanity Fair is inimitable. I read it through about every other year and never tired of it. Every character is real to me and only the multiplicity of books and reading matter which constantly increase and demand one's attention, if he would travel with the times, perhaps prevents my reading it oftener. The Four Georges is a perfect mine of literary and historical delight, especially the biographical essays written in such wonderful style.

Hammerton's "Intellectual Life" gave me many wise hints. I am sure I took a fresh start after reading it and have been the better in mind and body.

Landor's "Imaginary Conversations" gave me a peculiar pleasure, one cannot but appreciate the gigantic intellect that inspired them.

Some parts of Kempis' "Imitation of Christ" comforted me in severe trials but he is too morbid for general reading. It has been a matter of surprise to me that this book should have been found under George Eliot's

pillow after her death. Far more stimulating to spirituality is Marcus Aurelius. He is so healthy and yet so inspiring, he would crush the carnal in Man, but in such a manly way. He does not advocate living in a cell, but battling with evil in the open air and cultivating one's understanding and self control by contact with men. He makes the world seem small and God great.

Schiller delighted me. Here we have philosophy and poetry so beautifully combined. All the wisdom of life encased with beauty. Goethe gives you glimpses into the deepest depths of philosophy, but they are only glimpses and you never seem to have really gained what he promises so fairly from the start. Speaking of Goethe, reminds us of his great admirer Carlyle. The latter interests me much more than his books. His style was wonderful, the wit and play upon words inimitable, but all this obtrudes itself to the hiding of the thought and yet it was there. I should rather have more thought and less style and so I would rather read about the man with his rugged, honest, tender heart, a genuine original character, no imitation there but fresh from the Creator's hands.

The Day.

A LITTLE word and so familiar, we are not startled when we hear it, but I wish some Angel would send it forth in such stentorian tones, that all the world would stop and listen, as to something new and wonderful.

I wish he would tell his story of this gift to man in such impressive manner that it never again would come to our ears without a deep and solemn meaning.

No one has learned how to live until he has learned the value of the day. Schiller says "And the mightiest of all Masters is the present moment."

It would astonish us to know how many people spend most of their time living in the past or the future, chained to an idea as it were, and so mildly insane. A visit to an insane asylum convinces us that nearly all the inmates are affected in one way, one idea in their brains and inability to get it out, once possibly they were as rational as any of us more fortunate ones. Someone has said everyone is more or less insane—be that as it may—we have been able to conceal the fact from our neighbours and so escaped incarceration, but these poor unfortunates have gone beyond the concealing point and their mania breaks out uncontrolled. It is pitiful to see one man counting over his money from morning until night. His gold was his idol, everything else was excluded from his weary brain. His soul closed in around his filthy lucre and the tired mind went so far it became lost, and wandered out into the dreary plane of insanity. Another of these poor creatures discoursed religion wherever she could find a listener. Another politics and so on with many other subjects. As I gazed at them in wondering pity, I thought, Now if these brains could have mixed up their ideas a little we should have a company of rational minds, for the brain needs variety and will not suffer

itself to be chained down to one idea, without paying dear for the monopoly. These people forgot to live in the present, the day was nothing to them, they had closed their perception and memory was hard at work, taking all the energy of their brain without having the capacity, for memory is a weak thing of itself and requires the strengthening force of the perception to feed it with new and fresh material and reflection to make use of what is accumulated.

It is hard to establish truth, it falls unheeded upon a careless soul. Humanity loves its idols and finds it easier to hug them to its bosom, than to go forth seeking and searching. Our command is "ask, seek and knock." That is the open Sesame. We cannot get anything in the material or spiritual world without some effort on our part, it requires none to muse on the past or wonder and speculate on the future, but it is a difficult problem to know how to live in the day. It is the only time that living is possible; there can be no life in the past or future. We can only muse on them and gather experience from one and an incentive from the other to employ the present.

The problem of life unfolds itself. We have only to fill up each hour as it comes. There is much to do all around us and much to see. Our eyes and ears might be ravished with many sights and sounds if our senses had not been suffered to become dulled.

Nature is rich and bountiful and brings no empty hands. Everyone has some gift from this storehouse, some talent worthy to be cultivated and time is ample.

I have often observed people who do the most have the most time at their disposal, while lazy people never have time for anything; the act of doing gives a desire to do more, the whole being is strengthened by effort put forth. But let us not direct our energies into but one channel. We must not shut ourselves up and refuse any duties the day may offer. If suffered she will bring us a variety of occupations such as are suited to the health of mind and body, but if one retires to his library and

shuts himself in saying, "Hinder me not, I will spend my entire time on this one object," or if one gives herself up to bodily labour, giving out all day without a moment of rest or drinking in of the soul to repair the waste, the day looks on reproving and says, "Ye have refused my gifts, I would have given you life, health and beauty, but ye would have none of me. Ye chose your own way and your stubborn souls will bring you no peace."

We hear about a great many new problems nowadays. We run after this craze and that, thinking always it is the key to all knowledge, perhaps we shall learn something, but it will take many such experiences to teach us of life and the best way to live.

Life is complex and needs to be sustained by many forces; the day, this unappreciated present has them ready at hand to give to every seeker.

Many people waste half their time calculating on the future and what they will do when it comes or what it may have in store for them, while the valuable only possible present is at their doors knocking boldly for admission. We turn our backs on this visitor for a future which never comes. It is hard to learn the lesson that the expected never arrives, but the unexpected is a daily visitor for whom we are never prepared. If we lived in the present we should be ready for this certain guest. What person will not tell you in their most rational moments that it is not wise to depend on plans and calculations and yet they go on building their castles in imagination while their own roofs are oftentimes decaying for lack of attention.

Living in the present cultivates in us alertness, concentration, wide awake to our surroundings, the mind is strengthened and what we strive to get after while becomes a habit of the mind and gives us power and influence, for it is much more potent to possess a faculty than be obliged to cultivate it, the striving to obtain absorbs the energy, although it is the best thing to do if we are not blessed with superior forces in the beginning.

Everything in life is interesting according to the amount of perception we throw on it. Someone has said, "The way to render a stupid sermon or lecture interesting is to pay attention to it," and Goethe says, "The man with reason finds everything interesting." When our minds are occupied we have no time for ennui and yet if we are bored we charge it to our surroundings forgetting it is our own minds which are out of tune to our environment.

It is this adaptation to the day that utilizes our intellectual forces. I have seen fine minds almost useless for want of it. They sigh about their narrow monotonous lives, but do all they can to make them so. It is so easy to sit and moon over the past and hug the memory's idols. Some even cheated themselves into believing that in so doing they are serving God. He would not present us with the gift of a new day if he did not intend us to make use of it. He has a wise method in his gifts and knows what is best for man. He does not thrust them upon us unduly and unceremoniously either, but advances them slowly and quietly so that we may be ready to receive. Whoever has watched the Dawn can know this. A faint glimmer of light appears in the Eastern horizon, the stars begin to fade and we rub our eyes and open our senses, then a warm hue spreads around inviting us to arise. We wonder and open our hearts to the soft and quiet beauty and finally the Sun bursts forth and ushers in the Day and we are fairly roused to begin the new life which has been so beautifully presented to us.

Truth.

AS time goes on it brings its own food—physical, spiritual and intellectual, enough for the day—adapted to the needs of the people at the time, and our nourishment comes to us, always the same in the main, but dressed in different guise. This is just as true in regard to spiritual matters, but to the worshipers of images it is infidelity. An awful innovation not to be tolerated. In spite of these worthy people, the fact remains, facts must be true and Truth is Eternal and cannot be suppressed. Solomon says "There is nothing new under the sun," but man is so constituted, he requires Truth to be attired in new and fitting colors to suit his taste and the taste of his Epoch. We are told that the greatest of books is the Bible. There is no great thinking mind who would not agree to this if he made a careful study of it, but the world is not full of great observers and great thinkers, and the mass of the people take their learning second-hand, are fed as it were by professional feeders who are not always sure themselves of the nutritive quality of the food given. Consequently words are worn threadbare. They may be able to repeat whole chapters of the Bible, but the spiritual meaning is lost to them. Dress up a truth in new guise, how startling it is, how the understanding awakens to the new sound and reason puts forth her voice and calls to the slumbering soul and all the faculties are roused.

The Truth is the same today as it ever was, just as Nature is. The same sun shines upon us that shone upon Abraham in his tents. David in his hiding places upon the mountains and Jesus in his wanderings about Jerusalem. We have the same seasons, Spring, Summer, Autumn and Winter, but they are new and fresh to us each year.

Every man's reason is peculiar to himself and yet it is

common to all. We look upon every intellectual creature with a certain expectation as if we would ask: What have you for me; shall I learn something new and eternal from you, and we do learn lessons from all we meet. It seems as if every one had a spark of divinity and that spark imparted itself involuntarily.

There is a beautiful fitness in Nature. God in his infinite goodness arranging for his creatures' needs according to the times and the demand. So he sends us teachers, expounders of the spiritual and the infinite world of thought and we often in our narrow finitism cry out against them. It is too startling we prefer the old ways of thinking. We have learned our lessons and they lie so snug in our memories, it is rude to stir them up and displace them. For all new thought requires an exercise of the intellect to see if there be the ring of Truth therein, but our minds are so lazy we cling to our idols because we are used to the sight of them and our perception has grown rusty from disuse and memory is queen of the intellect.

But God is good and does not forget us even when we have ceased to look for and feel after Him and He tears our idols away and saves our souls from death.

There are some who are born of the spirit, who lie low in his power and receive the blessing. These are the real teachers and a few listen and heed and the heavenly manna is absorbed and they grow in knowledge and strength.

Why do we not put off this cold conventionalism and throw ourselves open to receive the Truth and listen to the voice of the spirit instead of carrying around with us these memories of conventionality, these cold traditions?

The root of the difficulty lies in the fact that we are not given to investigation. God can be found by those who seek, he who runs may read and then this investigation becomes so interesting, perception is quickened and we grow to discern the true from the false and when

our spiritual feeders depart the leaven that we have hidden in our hearts works its way outward and spreads abroad its influence. Then the few who have received help come out boldly and honor is given where honor is due, the dead receive at last the praise of men. Alas! It is sad praise that waits to chant over the dust. Why cannot we recognize the truth from living lips. They are sent by God adapted to the needs of the time, but we wait until their bodies go to dust and their spirits return to God before we appreciate their words. Perhaps we have such among us now. Even we might take the place of spiritual teachers if we would fan the spark of divinity in us to a living glowing flame.

Let us be watchful lest the morning break and find us asleep and the moon comes on and we rub our sleepy faculties, but the glory of the day is not for us, the evening comes and we are cold and dead, because we chose repose, and slumber seemed a blissful state.

Part III.

Reason and Passion.

I WATCHED a little bird beating its head against the bars of a cage. It was so bright outside, the Sun was beaming and the flowers blooming and other little birds flitted about from tree to tree filling the air with their joyous songs. Everything outside the cage was full of light, life, beauty and harmony.

The little bird grew mad with longing and impatient desire and beat its poor tiny head until exhausted and bruised, and wounded fell to the floor of the cage with eyes closed and heart panting with fatigue. While it lay there a wise old woman called Reason came and poured the oil of comfort over its wounds and laid her cool soft hand on the panting heart until all was quiet and still. Sometime after the little bird opened its eyes and just opposite was an open door which had been open all the time it had been beating its head against the bars, but it was so blinded with passion and desire it had not taken time to look about and see if there was a way out of the cage, and only after Reason came its eyes were opened to see the door immediately opposite, directly leading into the sunshine where all was brightness, joyousness, love and harmony.

Solitude.

WHEN one is in the country, how sweet it is to wander alone where there is no voice but that of the birds, the hum of the insects, the blowing of the grass and the rustling of the trees, or in a rowboat pushed out from shore, with no sound but the lapping of the water against its sides for companionship.

Even on a steamboat one can sit at the extreme end and watch the ever changing scenery, and the splashing of the disturbed water below will drown the clatter of the noisy people behind.

It is at such times we are alone with our souls, when the Infinite seems to meet us half way as our spirits rise far above the petty details of life with its unavoidable cares and anxieties. Then we form resolves for better and higher living. We are on a middle plane betwixt earth and heaven, taking an upward glance to what seems possible at such times to reach, and a bird's eye view of the earthly plane, and in a moment often receive wise hints of how to rise above much that is chaining us down. Then God and Nature are one to us and we helpless beggars at their hands receiving everything and giving nothing but our perception and wonder.

What peace falls on us as our ears are open to the harmonious music of nature's sounds and our jaded nerves retire from the jangle of artificial life and the discordant clatter of uncongenial souls who are striving to gain the lowest and in their struggle crushing the sweet flowers under their feet.

These Philosophers of Materialism are the wise according to this world. You must swim with them or they will leave you behind and there are few that can stand the solitude; it means loss of sympathy for they count you cold and unsympathetic. But all phases of life have their compensations and those of solitude are high ones.

You will occasionally meet kindred spirits who are also seeking the true, the eternal and what a blending, what joyous companionship is here, what knitting of souls. How favorably it compares with the rude jostling one gets in the mad rush after the material, for the majority are in it and time is short and room is scarce, and at most they can only win a few crumbs at the end of the day. Lord Bacon's crumbs no doubt assumed large proportions at times to the crowd who gazed on him with awe and admiration, but they did not bring him peace in his old age, his philosophy, Get all you can even if your noblest and best friends are sacrificed, was one that could bring no comfort in the end. I fancy his solitude was not restful to him, he could not look his soul in the face and say, "Thou hast done well." Very few of us can look our souls in the face, unless we have tried to live natural, pure and honest lives. Perhaps we have failed many times, but as the ancient philosopher Longinus said, "In great attempts it's glorious e'en to fail." One thing about this solitude is there is never any danger of our having too much of it. We are sure to be rudely awakened by the crowding in of the world with its cares and duties, but who can say we are not made better and stronger for the duties of life, by this occasional retirement, this communion with nature and its Maker. It is possible to make these retirements at all times, but it seems to me never as effectually as when we are alone under the Great Dome of Nature and only her soft sounds in our ears.

The year would be a dull one that had not such bright spots to look back upon and for me I could ill endure the long dreary indoor life of winter if the summer did not bring us these opportunities of basking under its skies and breathing in the soft and balmy air that gives rest and refreshment.

THE HABIT OF SOLITUDE.

It is always well to prepare one's self for what is likely to happen. In the old words, "To be forewarned is to be forearmed," not that we shall anxiously look out for every ill, but prepare our minds to meet emergencies.

People are constantly losing those who are nearest and dearest to them, are deprived of earthly helps, such as money, position, etc. How are we to meet these exigencies if our minds have no inward resource, to take away our thoughts from our deprivations and trials that come to all at some period of their lives. There is always work to be done in the world for the bettering of humanity, but we may be prevented from doing such work by various causes.

Intellectual employment, study, no one should be without.

Marie Antoinette when in prison exclaimed, "Oh! what a resource amid the casualties of life must there be in a highly cultivated mind." Madame Roland found this to be the case when she also was imprisoned and her dark hours were made bright by the light of her cultivated intellect.

Solitude to the man of letters, the scholar, is delightful, he only fully appreciates its charm and benefit and is also better able to enjoy society from not having had a surfeit of it. Emerson says, "Solitude is impracticable and society fatal." "Solitude is proud and society vulgar." It is only fatal and vulgar when we have too much of it, as familiarity breeds contempt.

Society has its importance. Woe be to the onesided man who can only stand in one niche, how the side that fits must ache sometimes and our fancy brings before us the book worm, who has lived so long between musty covers that when he creeps forth he is like the fish out of water and inwardly writhes until he returns to the only element he can live in. But this specimen of human-

ity is the exception, the extreme of a small minority. The vast majority need to cultivate this habit of solitude for they are crazy for the crowd. Give us people they cry or we die of ennui. Young people have this disease acutely, as people grow older they learn more of the beauty of solitude, the quiet inward communion with the Infinite, people have not satisfied them, possibly they have started in life expecting too much of the human and naturally found it failed them when most needed, not always because of the lack in people, but there is such a great gulf between two souls that it is rarely bridged, and we must go on unsatisfying and unsatisfied because we cannot comprehend each other's souls so separated.

Misunderstanding.

A FAIR, sweet girl wandered through a forest having lost her way. When the day was well nigh spent she arrived at an open space where she perceived a high wall and in the center of it a gateway with open places, so one could look through and see a beautiful garden, in which all varieties of flowers bloomed, fountains played and every tree was filled with birds of many kinds singing sweetest songs.

All was fair and warm, while outside it was lonely and cold.

Over the gate was a turret with a window, and leaning out, the gatekeeper stretched as far as he could to look at the beautiful maiden, as she wearily walked up to the gate and looked through the bars at the heaven within. The eyes of the man were riveted in admiration as the face of the girl grew more and more expressive with delight and longing, her lips parted and her cheeks grew warm with the reflection from the light and warmth within.

After she had gazed some time she pushed against the gate in order that she might enter for the cold outside seemed more penetrating now that she compared it to the atmosphere within.

The gate responded not to her efforts and she was weary after wandering all day. "This happiness is not for me," she murmured. She was too tired to even raise her eyes, had she done so, she would have seen the latch far above her head, but not too far for her to reach up and lift and enter, so she turned away sorrowing and laid her head down on a stone and wept herself to sleep, for all the beauty and joyousness that was not for her.

The man at the turret window had seen her tired look as she turned away, but he was so lost in admiration of her beauty and anxiety to possess her for his own, he

never thought to lean over and undo the latch that she might walk in, and when she turned to go he felt hurt that she should prefer the loneliness and cold outside in place of his beautiful garden, and he began to be very unhappy about the loss of this sweet maiden.

Ah! If he had only stooped and lifted the latch how gladly would she have entered.

Part IV.

Beneficence and Benevolence.

BENEVOLENCE is on the top of the forepart of the head and beneficence is at the curve where the forehead ends and usually where the hair begins to grow. Phrenologists call beneficence human nature. Craniognomists think beneficence a better name as it suggests at once to the mind charity or love, pity, mercy and justice. It is active benevolence which alone gives sympathy and kindly feeling.

I can imagine a benevolent person showing plenty of sympathy but going no farther, perhaps expending time, money and strength on their own family, their friends or even upon those of their own particular doctrine or creed, and finally upon those whom they think are worthy or joined with mercenary motives where they expect to gain approval, love or some worldly advantage. Now the Father Spirit showers blessings on all his creatures, those who appear evil and those who appear good, for we cannot always tell what is evil and what is really good, only the Supreme Spirit knows that. We can only tell how it seems to our feeble understanding and perception.

He who has Beneficence then stands on a higher plane than he who has only Benevolence, he looks upon humanity in a broad way, sees its needs and tries to help, does not allow self-interest or mercenary motives to influence, but showers benefits in a God-like manner upon men.

Faith, Hope and Charity, but the greatest of these is Charity. It is impossible to have this charity unless we stand upon a high spiritual plane. We may be poor and feeble in other forces, but this one gift places us on a high altitude that reaches up to the Divine, for whatever may be our idea of God, Infinite Being, Eternal Spirit, we usually associate the idea of Beneficence with Him, sending the rain upon the just and the unjust

There are many good people who have a large share of Benevolence and give sympathy here and there, but without this higher Charity or universal love of humanity, will stop to consider or criticise their faith, their mode of living as though the Spirit only smiled upon their way of thinking, their religious creeds and doctrines and would frown upon them if they wasted foolishly their time, strength or worldly material on a member of the same humanity but with a difference of creed or doctrine of living.

If we would be really and truly spiritual and copy after the Divine Nature we must be universal and broad in our ideas and not attempt to judge human souls according to our narrow view.

When we have climbed a hill or tower how small our little dwelling space below looks; a little patch in the great patchwork of this Earth. So if we could ascend high on the spiritual plane and read the thoughts of men of all nations, their hopes, fears, faiths and ambitions, how broad and charitable we should become a very god in the flesh.

We must not expect that Beneficence or charity will have the same effect in different heads. It will vary according to the difference in temperament and qualities. The cultured man will show it differently from the uncultured, the reasoner from the man of quick apprehension and the machine worker or the man who lives by rule, and the man of clear perception from the dreamer who dwells in his airy castles and is lost in imagination with his eyes open.

Hope.

THIS faculty lies on either side of veneration and is also of a spiritual nature. It gives a quietness to the individual, a restfulness and is generally opposed to those qualities of show and dash, restlessness and activity, not that a Hope head as we call it does not act, but its action is slow and quiet and it works in better with the bright intellectual and spiritual faculties.

Thinkers, philosophers, poets and writers of the more intellectual order are apt to have Hope as it belongs more to a brain activity than to the physical or bodily. Because of its quiet, sober tendency, it is adapted to adversity, emergencies and is cheerful in dark hours, because patient and long suffering. It is called the "Anchor of the Soul," something to lean on, to rest against and wait.

Of course this faculty is modified by the other qualities in a character, yet its function is the same and it in turn modifies according to the amount the individual possesses.

Veneration.

NEXT to Benevolence and in the center of the top of the head is Veneration, belonging to the group of spiritual faculties. Now Reason, especially the upper and practical part is the true conscience, therefore the most spiritual part of man, but Veneration is a way, an inclination which modifies one's nature and makes one desirous to worship something and we naturally bow down before something superior or what we think is superior. It may be the Supreme Spirit or what men call God in their minds, for each one has his own individual conception of God, or they may worship earthly power or something material.

If one has this veneration and the rest of their nature is inclined to the material we can easily see how the mere faculty of veneration is not eminently spiritual, unless guided by some intellect or good judgment for without this guidance we may venerate what is worthless or ignoble. It simply gives a bowing down and looking up to something, in other words, humility. It is but just to say, however, that this faculty is more apt to belong to a spiritual nature for the intellectual mind that expands and progresses is more apt to cultivate modesty and humility, than the less intellectual mind that is full of conceit of its own powers and the value of the Material, and more inclined to love self, than that which is outside and above self.

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